



DIVINE WISDOM

DIWANI HIKMET
of
HOJA AHMED
YASSAWI

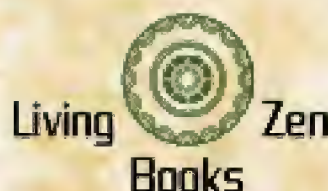
"Taste just one drop from the pitcher of Love"

Divine Wisdom

(DIWANI HIKMET)

HOJA AHMED YASSAWI

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY JONATHAN AND VIERE TRAPMAN



**SOME COMMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THIS FIRST
ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF DIVINE WISDOM
(DIWANI HIKMET) BY HOJA AHMED YASSAWI**

"In a modern time of pluralism, the exoteric teachings of all faiths experience crisis as absolute views of the world, couched in cultural terms, become relativized in the sea of other options. Thus it is that the esoteric writings and teachings, the meanings and paths to the message - the esoteric - need to see the light of day if any faith is to survive as a viable and useful path for humans seeking meaning and purpose. In Divine Wisdom, spiritual aspirant Hoja Ahmed Yassawi sings his heart out. In the time of life when mortality reveals itself more evidently, Yassawi reflects on his life honestly. He wishes for anyone reading his Hikmet to be inspired to make a similar honest inquiry to reach a faith unshakeable, loving, and dedicated so as to alleviate the suffering of his fellow humankind. Although especially relevant to Sufi aspirants, the translators now make it readily accessible for anyone who wishes to understand and embrace the human path common to all faiths."

ROBERT SACHS, AUTHOR ON TIBETAN BUDDHIST TEACHINGS

"Worship and faith are highly personal matters, and in our emerging world of love, peace and compassion, these will be respected for every individual, even if different forms of personal worship or faith occur in the same family. Each has his or her own way to commune with that universal Divine presence that is part of us all, just as Yassawi's work is universal"

CRAIG PRIESS, COMPOSER/MUSICIAN, ART OF LIVING TEACHER

"The Oneness of God is the basis of all prophetic religions. It is the Criterion with which to distinguish a false prophet from a true one. He who calls people to the Oneness of God calls them to the True Way and is a true emissary of God Almighty. He who does not call them to this Way, but who calls them to another or to others, does not follow a Heavenly Way but runs after his ego."

MOULANA SHEKH NAZIM AL-HAQQANI

A BEAUTIFUL HONOURING OF THE HIKMET OF HOJA AHMED YASSAWI:

BismillahirRahmanirRahim

AllahumaSali ala Sayyiduna Muhammad SalallahuAlahiWaSalamu

Meded Ya SultanulAndiya Sheikh Nazim Adil Al-Haqqani (Q.S.)

Meded Ya Imam Ahmed Yassawi (Q.S.)

BismillahirRahmanirRahim

God Himself says in His Own words:

"When My beloved servant asks me for something I shall certainly give it"

Our Lord will keep His word and that is His wonder of Beauty,
His love why everything that has been written will be His key,
Trusted to His Friend beloved Hoja Ahmed Yassawi,
You as His Pen and His Mirror.

Our Beloved Lord who is asking to reflect Himself,
Showing Himself so we may find Him,
Holding His Friend beloved Hoja Ahmed Yassawi,
You as His Pen and His Mirror.

O Hoja Ahmed writing the Truth about our Lord,
Telling us that our Lord is the One who asks,
Our Lord holding His beloved Friend Hoja Ahmed,
You as His Pen and Mirror.

O beloved Hoja Ahmed,
O secret instrument of His Holy Breath,
You are the Secret water of life for our Master Kide (a.s.),
Flowing from God's Secret Love,
You as His Pen and His Mirror,

ARMAD DEDE PATTISAHUSIWA



Also translated by
Jonathan and Virve Trapman

Your Feelings Create Your Life



CONTENTS

<i>Translator's Preface</i>	<i>xx</i>
<i>Anuarbek Bokebay Russian Preface</i>	<i>xxvi</i>
Diwani Hikmet	
Hikmet 1	1
Hikmet 2	4
Hikmet 3	7
Hikmet 4	9
Hikmet 5	11
Hikmet 6	13
Hikmet 7	15
Hikmet 8	17
Hikmet 9	18
Hikmet 10	21
Hikmet 11	24
Hikmet 12	25
Hikmet 13	26
Hikmet 14	28

Hikmet 15	29
Hikmet 16	30
Hikmet 17	31
Hikmet 18	32
Hikmet 19	33
Hikmet 20	34
Hikmet 21	35
Hikmet 22	36
Hikmet 23	37
Hikmet 24	39
Hikmet 25	40
Hikmet 26	41
Hikmet 27	42
Hikmet 28	44
Hikmet 29	45
Hikmet 30	46
Hikmet 31	47
Hikmet 32	49

Hikmet 33	50
Hikmet 34	51
Hikmet 35	53
Hikmet 36	54
Hikmet 37	55
Hikmet 38	56
Hikmet 39	58
Hikmet 40	59
Hikmet 41	61
Hikmet 42	64
Hikmet 43	66
Hikmet 44	68
Hikmet 45	69
Hikmet 46	70
Hikmet 47	72
Hikmet 48	74
Hikmet 49	75
Hikmet 50	76

Hikmet 51	77
Hikmet 52	78
Hikmet 53	79
Hikmet 54	80
Hikmet 55	81
Hikmet 56	82
Hikmet 57	83
Hikmet 58	86
Hikmet 59	87
Hikmet 60	88
Hikmet 61	89
Hikmet 62	90
Hikmet 63	91
Hikmet 64	92
Hikmet 65	93
Hikmet 66	95
Hikmet 67	96
Hikmet 68	98

Hikmet 69	99
Hikmet 70	100
Hikmet 71	103
Hikmet 72	105
Hikmet 73	107
Hikmet 74	109
Hikmet 75	111
Hikmet 76	112
Hikmet 77	113
Hikmet 78	115
Hikmet 79	116
Hikmet 80	118
Hikmet 81	120
Hikmet 82	121
Hikmet 83	123
Hikmet 84	124
Hikmet 85	125
Hikmet 86	127

Hikmet 87	129
Hikmet 88	130
Hikmet 89	133
Hikmet 90	134
Hikmet 91	135
Hikmet 92	136
Hikmet 93	137
Hikmet 94	138
Hikmet 95	141
Hikmet 96	143
Hikmet 97	144
Hikmet 98	148
Hikmet 99	150
Hikmet 100	151
Hikmet 101	152
Hikmet 102	156
Hikmet 103	158
Hikmet 104	160

Hikmet 105	161
Hikmet 106	163
Hikmet 107	164
Hikmet 108	165
Hikmet 109	166
Hikmet 110	167
Hikmet 111	168
Hikmet 112	169
Hikmet 113	171
Hikmet 114	172
Hikmet 115	174
Hikmet 116	175
Hikmet 117	178
Hikmet 118	179
Hikmet 119	181
Hikmet 120	182
Hikmet 121	184
Hikmet 122	186

Hikmet 123	187
Hikmet 124	190
Hikmet 125	191
Hikmet 126	192
Hikmet 127	193
Hikmet 128	194
Hikmet 129	195
Hikmet 130	196
Hikmet 131	197
Hikmet 132	198
Hikmet 133	200
Hikmet 134	201
Hikmet 135	202
Hikmet 136	203
Hikmet 137	204
Hikmet 138	206
Hikmet 140	209
Hikmet 141	211

Hikmet 142	213
Hikmet 143	216
Hikmet 144	217
Hikmet 145	219
Hikmet 146	221
Hikmet 147	222
Hikmet 148	223
Hikmet 149	224
Monajat	226
<i>Appendix</i>	
A Personal Commentary by Sayyn Nazarbekuly, in the form of an intimate conversation with Anuarbek Bokebay	231-271
<i>Glossary</i>	272-282
Additional photographs	283-288



ENTRANCE TO DIVINE WISDOM

دور گلى اوزوب غاچە سېلىدىن
 بى جىدا قىلىپ بېچە سېلىدىن
 بى قىرا بى سېلىدىن
 باغلار بى سېلىدىن
 بى سېلىدىن
 بى جىدا قىلىدى
 نىڭ ئاتىكى آق
 بى ئىپتىزكا مونداغ چاق ساد
 ان بىغلا بوز ناھايى علاج
 را كېيىپ بوز يىتىپ ساج
 بىن بالالار بىم آج بلانكاج
 اوردوب ايج بويىنى ايزدى كوردونك
 لويان قالدى جىبران
 زىغرائىدىڭ سىرغىتىپان
 نام دىيان آھ اوردوبان
 رىتىپ ساج لارىنى بولدى كوردونك
 جان اچچىنىدە مەربانم
 كىرىتىدىم غىمكسارىم
 باروغاوغى ئىندە جانم
 دىنىڭ تىغىز ياد قىلدى كوردونك
 تىپ بىنە سېنى اچچان
 بولسنىڭ دە نە ارمان
 ى كىرپان يىغىرى بىرمان
 سىن بىلماي مېران قالدى ك... زام

مىسرت داغىن كونا
 ايشىنىڭ بونە قىرىت
 قىرىتىن كورشتىدە
 خىف يانئىپ
 قىزىل كل دىڭ نار
 دنبا اولوپ كىم كورە
 جىنون يانكلىغ دىوان
 عاجز بول
 ابر كىم بولسە شاھ
 بو ايل كىم كا آلبا
 بىوكا قىرلار بارچە چىر
 علا بىم
 آق سېنە مىنى بىچ
 ر بازوف بىر
 اولور بىدىن ھىم بىن
 بىر دىنيا
 بارچە داغىر اچ
 ھىراندىن ھىم بىر
 بىر اچ
 بىلا كوربىنور مو
 تىرلىتوبان بىزە
 اچل بىتىپ كور
 مونا

SACRED QUILL AND ORIGINAL CHAGATAI TEXT OF YASSAWI'S DIVINE WISDOM

Translator's Preface

The opportunity for both my wife and I to be asked to make this first ever translation of Hoja Ahmed Yassawi's seminal work into the English language has been filled with so many pearls and diamonds both from Yassawi himself and many others who we are indebted to for help, support, assistance and scholarship.

When the reader starts the journey Yassawi lays so beautifully at our fingertips and eyes, we wish, as we have been blessed, that each one may begin to collect those very pearls and diamonds littered so generously amongst the pages of his prose. We also hope that our modest attempts of being able to convey the beauty Yassawi spent so many years cultivating and then sharing will suffice to at least give you, dear reader, a modicum of his magnificence.

Time and ability has not allowed either of us to gain a decent enough amount of command of the original Chagatai language Yassawi wrote in, however the translation Anuarbek Bokebay created into Russian from Chagatai has helped us enormously to gain some sense of the original. It is with deepest gratitude that we both bow low to Anuarbek for his exemplary work and assistance. Although no longer on this mortal coil, his presence and scholarship were with us every step of the way as we used his translation as our guide.

Personally, I have to acknowledge and thank profoundly Hoja Ahmed Yassawi himself, as he made his presence felt very early on in the proceedings and sat reassuringly at my side, as a good mentor does, willing to nudge, sift and challenge my own poetic comprehensions. His image, in the cell, that precedes the verses here laid out was and is always a most beautiful connection for us both, in helping us feel he was 'in the room' as we toiled. Virve's excellent mother tongue of Russian unknitted and wove words and sense into English. From her initial translation I quickly found, by tuning into Yassawi and silently asking for his assistance, the whispered voice of intuition dripping his honey onto the palette that is my keyboard, in front of me. With each verse we became immersed into a world of beauty, of challenge and of wonder. All the time Yassawi's gentle hand of guidance led us

to awarenesses and insights as to what really was behind the words. They say something is always lost in translation. That can be true and we are certain many scholars far more learned than ourselves will dispute our own humble efforts. We ask forgiveness for any errors or misrepresentations that may arise. All we offer in mitigation is that we did our best and were inspired by Yassawi to lay it down as such. A decision we have made when laying out these verses was not to scatter each reference to the Prophet (peace be upon him) and other saints names with the bracketed epithets. We did so only for reasons of poetic flow and ask that we be forgiven for any offence this might elicit. None was meant! There also are translations such as the last lines of Hikmet referring to *Servant Hoja Ahmed Yassawi* - in the original it may have been understood to be *Slave*, however we have taken a creative decision to change that to *Servant*.

One fact that stood out in translating this work was how much it seems to relate to what is happening in today's world. How much Yassawi seems to 'see' into his future and notice how similar the problems, the strutting and pomposity of ego never leave the stage of human experience and forever seem to try and direct others in ways that are so far from any divine intention. We found it so encouraging to have these insights from such a master resonate down the ages and smack an awakening blow of reality into our lives today. Waking up to our true spiritual nature, living it with a passion only found in the now is where every soul needs to focus on. Perhaps we are living our own Hell and Heaven yet not quite able to distinguish the relationship we have r the difference between the two. Here, by turning in, acknowledging and actively seeking the Divine we are able to see, experience and allow the truth of our being to live in the world and touch others so they might be inspired also to seek likewise. For as sure as we all die, we will be answerable for our thoughts, actions and deeds at a time and place where ego has no function or say.

The messages and insight Yassawi conveys in his Divine Wisdom begs us question how it is that despite our so called progress and the wizardry of our technological skills we still see the individual and collective ego in whatever form or belief structure, roaming wildly, distributing its own noxious self importance, cruelty and

vindictiveness at the expense of the least comprehension or awareness for divine order and respect for God. The sense of spirituality seems to have reached such a low ebb as for humans to witness their own self created Hell on earth. Yassawi's warnings to refind spiritual purpose before the End of Days is today more relevant than ever. Thanks to his extraordinary, illuminating verses we might pass, if allowing ourselves, beyond the narrow confines of our own insular vision and seek out the refreshment and grace that comes with honouring God as our source and creator. Devoting our selves fully to finding and loving Allah is the greatest service we can give ourselves and by example, share with others.

When approaching this volume, you will find a useful glossary at the back which we strongly suggest you avail yourself of when meeting words or terms uncommon to your knowledge. Although we have used common English terms for some of the Turkic/Arab original terminology, leaving others in their original state honours the source and sense.

We would also guide you to read the excellent and illuminating commentary that Sayin Nazarbekuly, a scholar and close friend of Anuarbek Bokebay has written and can be found at the end of the verses. Not only does it bring a fascinating insight and comprehension to the verses and their relevance in the great pantheon of Sufi poetic works, but also reinforces the relevance of Yassawi's contribution and perception of the human condition in whatever age they may be encountered.

One other thing that struck us deeply is related to how my wife and I became the responsible translators for this English edition. It seems Yassawi himself knew precisely the chain of events that would lead nearly nine hundred years later to his work entering the global stage and being disseminated across all continents aligned to his original dream. As with his life, it was never for his own aggrandisement and benefit, but for the Divine he spent his life seeking and merging with. In that respect we take little responsibility for our role, except for our agreeing to partake fully in a far greater process that our expertise has been privileged to be engaged in.

Sayin Nazarbekuly beautifully records how Anuarbek Bokebay seems to have been commissioned directly to start the process of dissemination of The Divine Wisdom (Diwani Hikmet) by Yassawi. Anuarbek's courage and tenacity to maintain, in secret, the works of Yassawi through so many years of repression of anything slightly resembling spiritual inclination, shows a devotion and persistence that is to be applauded. From the day he asked Virve whether we would be happy to translate Diwani Hikmet into English, we both felt the hand of destiny fall gently from that cell across so many centuries onto our collective shoulders.

On our belated honeymoon in twenty twelve, we were blessed with meeting so many wonderful and gifted individuals. They proceeded to share the original locations where Yassawi was born, brought up and lived his life. Our joy at being able to sense, visit and drink the atmosphere around the places where the feet of the great poet had trodden, where his prayers had been made and where he had traded as a merchant, were priceless. The deserts he had wandered, as a dervish and the cell he occupied for nigh on sixty-three years after his "dying to live" allowed us to really gain a sense of presence of the soul that is Yassawi. Following the untimely passing of Anuarbek Bokebay, his brother Samatbek Bokebay took up the mantle of responsibility to finalise his brother's project. From the day we met Samatbek, the kindness, support, encouragement and dedication to the work and to one of Kazakhstan's greatest treasures was apparent. It is with profound gratitude we both acknowledge this volume would never have seen the light of day without Samatbek's commitment and support. It is truly an honour to have been in the presence of such a man and a family whose love and devotion has expended such personal and collective resources to a national treasure and global spiritual influence as Hoja Ahmed Yassawi and his work.

Along the way we cannot be thankful enough to a most generous and selfless soul, Shaharbek Usmanov who devoted his precious time and devotion to guiding us around so many shrines and sacred places. Alongside him was a great scholar and enormous aid to our ongoing work, Mirahmet Mirhaldarov. His depth of scholarship of Yassawi's work, his empathic enthusiasm

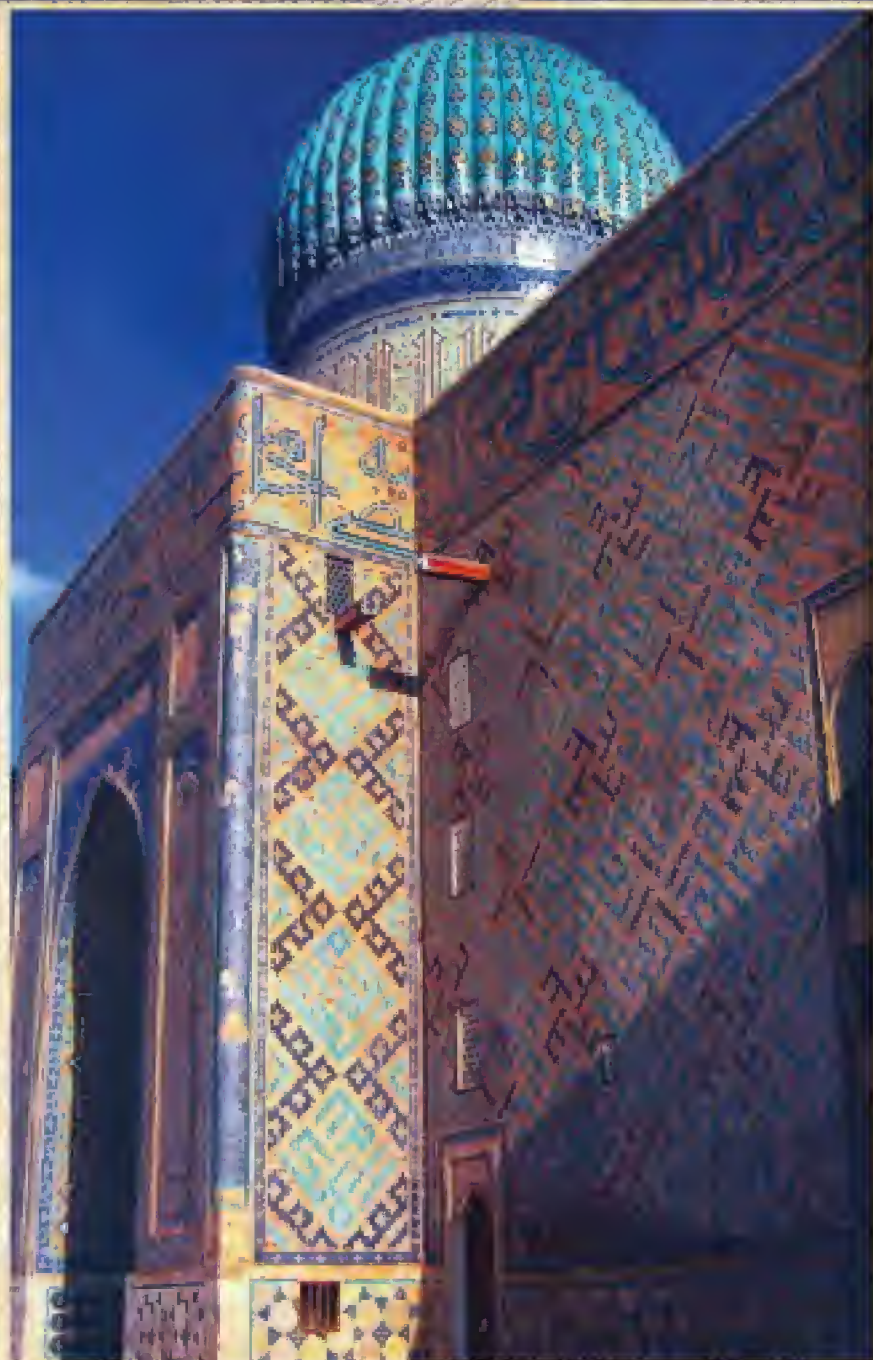
and encouragement allowed us both to learn so much more about the poet, his times and his relevance to today's world. Our trip to Kazakhstan may never have transpired, our knowledge and encounters with Yassawi may never have happened had it not been for the kindness and invitation handed us by Saule and Alibay Bapanov.

Again during our search in Turkestan for relevant research on Yassawi, we were blessed being given an angel of a young and very talented student at the Yassawi University to help us. As it turned out Suraiya Yuldasheva transpired to be a direct descendent of Yassawi himself. Her father Saidalim Yuldashev most kindly allowed us to handle and photograph a complete volume of the original Chagatai. So many more have been instrumental in helping us bring this Divine Wisdom to publication and we thank everyone who we may have forgotten or are unable to name personally.

We feel indebted to also thank Maulana Sheikh Nazim Al-Haqqani, whose blessings we received to complete this work and whose Naqshbandi Sufi lineage arose from Yassawi's Sufi beginnings.

Finally absolute gratitude, true appreciation and humble honouring must reside with Allah, The Lord God Almighty, The Merciful and Magnificent without whose Divine Plan none of us would be gifted the treasures, pearls and diamonds of Love, we are so bountifully supplied.

Jonathan and Virve Trapman
Glastonbury UK



HOJA AHMED YASSAWI MAUSOLEUM

Anuarbek Bokebay's Preface to the Russian Translation

Hoja Ahmed Yassawi lived, between the eleventh and thirteenth century (1093-1219), in the town of Turkestan, that today can be found in Southern Kazakhstan. It was here he wrote his immortal heritage, *Diwani Hikmet* (Divine Wisdom). In olden times Turkestan was named Yasy, hence his name being Yassawi. Turkestan was the name given to a broad geographic region covering Central Asia, Kazakhstan and the now non-existent Kashkari. These lands were populated, both then and now, by the Turkic people.

Ahmed Yassawi was held up as a great master, sage and spiritual leader of the Turkic nations. It was in great part to this reverence of the man that Yasa came to be known, informally, as Turkestan.

At the tender age of seven, Ahmed Yassawi, whose direct line of descent was from the Prophet Muhammad, went up to the city of Mīraj, where his teacher Arystan Bab gifted him a single persimmon seed. Arystan Bab passed on the guardianship of this sacred symbol to the young Yassawi, having himself been gifted it, four hundred years prior from the passing of the Prophet. This story is referred to in the *Hikmet* written by Yassawi. (This interesting fact is mentioned here in the forward as its reference within several of the following *Hikmet*, is interesting. Although it may seem like a curt reference, we feel it to be an important fact, albeit it is not one found in any primary Islamic source. Because of the lack of mention officially, we need to treat this fact with great sensitivity and how it was arrived at.)

Ahmed Yassawi, unlike many other Eastern Sufis, expounded his thoughts in the *Hikmet* format. The word *Hikmet* literally means 'inner wisdom'.

Yassawi here refers to Divine Wisdom, that wisdom emanating from the Creator. A wisdom flawless and infinite, reflecting the endless creations of the Maker. (It could well be posited that Creator and Maker are interchangeable as they are apparently one and the same thing in this case.)

This Divine Wisdom is not open to every mortal, but only to those who have achieved a certain level of resonance with Ultimate the Lord. One of those men was Hoja Ahmed Yassawi, who devoted his entire life to the pursuit of the Lord (Haqq). In reaching that Truth, he surpassed all who had previously set out on that path. As a devout follower of the Prophet, at age sixty-three (incidentally the precise age of the Prophet's death) Yassawi rejected all earthly trappings and took himself underground to "die without dying". According to legend he remained there for another sixty-three years, although there is no first hand verification of this). His underground cell survives to this day and is located in a semi underground Hilvet mosque, not far from Yassawi's mausoleum. It can be found at a depth of four and a half metres with a floor area of approximately one square metre, and a height as tall as a man. The cell is built out of fired brick and stone floor. It was only possible to pray standing up or kneeling. It was within this small space he composed his Hikmet, in their thousands. In one of his Hikmet he refers to having written four thousand four hundred Hikmet and in another to ninety nine thousand Hikmet. It is believed he wrote his Hikmet right up to the moment he died. Yet all we are left with are the collection of Hikmet contained in this volume.

A special mention must be made here that he was writing these Hikmet at the behest of Allah. That is why in the second Hikmet he says:

*"At eight years old eight paths revealed
Unfolding Hikmet through Light to yield"*

and in the thirty fourth Hikmet:

*"At thirty four became wise and scholarly
Compose Hikmet, commanded Subhan, thus verse flowed freely"*

That flow was directed through divine command.

In "Munajat" he refers to:

"May my Hikmet be the command of Subhan"

It is not surprising there is a Sufi saying - "The heart speaks and the hand writes" - that is to say, the heart of the Sufi intuitively receives messages from above. Yassawi wrote his Hikmet as they flowed down

from the Source of inspiration and based upon his own personal mystical experience of the Lord unfolding. The single best way to achieve this for Yassawi was through the path of Love (Ishq). At the same time it is the most gruelling path (for those knowing this bliss). For the dervish there is no other path taken to merge with God. Love (Ishq) and the Lord (Haqq) permeate "Divine Wisdom" like a golden thread weaving through it. The love of God is beyond description, all consuming and beyond mere mortal understanding. It is a totally personal experience that Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī describes exquisitely as:

"Whatever I say in exposition and explanation of Love, when I come to love (itself) I am ashamed of that."

With Ahmed Yassawi we have someone vested in the love of the Lord since birth.

The path to the Lord lies within four stages: Shariat, Tariqat, Haqiqat and Ma'rifat. 'Divine Wisdom', sometimes called *"The Second Book"*, is Ahmed Yassawi's book for the mystical path Tariqat aimed at the Talib, those on that path and who seek the Face of God. For these the word Hikmet can be perceived as pearls and diamonds.

Interestingly the content of Yassawi's Hikmet are to some extent autobiographical as he uses them to pass on his personal and mystical experiences from his birth to age sixty-three. At that age he proceeded to go underground, where experiences of solitary confinement within his cell helped him to constantly move towards 'Riyazat' (a state Sufis describe as total cleansing towards the attainment of a pure heart).

Western scholars of Sufism, even today, refer to the creativity Arab-Persian Sufi poets, such as Rumi, Hafiz, Khayyam, Saadi and others brought through in their work. It is rare that the work of such Turkic Sufis as Yunus Emre and other poets hardly get a mention, even though they were important writers following in the spiritual line of Hoja Ahmed Yassawi.

Yassawi's name is not mentioned at all, probably because his work 'Diwani Hikmet' (Divine Wisdom) has never fully been translated into any foreign language. In Kazakhstan itself, during the whole of the

Soviet period, his work and existence was buried, ignored and placed in its own solitary confinement, offering no enlightenment to anyone. It was only when Anuarbek Bokebay created his Russian translation (editor's note: from which the English translation is sourced) from the original Chagatai that the sheer beauty and magnificence of this great saint saw the light of day and started a process of universal dissemination.

The value of the spiritual heritage of Yassawi to not only the Turkic world but to the Kazakh people themselves cannot be overstated. Over the last millennium they were brought up in the spirit of Divine Hikmet. Yassawi's disciples and followers spread throughout the Turkic world and beyond, the ideas behind Hikmet.

Some of them such as Suleiman Bakyrgani, Mohammed Danyshpani, Zhusup Bayzatui created numerous Hikmet, which themselves were based on the format Yassawi utilised. During this period many saints, sages and leaders of nations appeared, carrying through and developing the spirit of Yassawi. Today these figures are still much revered. The mausoleum of Ahmed Yassawi today is host to over a million pilgrims a year.

At this stage it is worth quoting a passage from Anuarbek Bokebay's preface to his Russian translation.

"It was due to the favourable and burgeoning impact that Yassawi and those following him began to have, that enabled our people, Kazakhs, to become significantly more exposed to a higher level of spiritual rebirth. This, in turn, led to a spiritual integration of the nation, which around five hundred years ago helped create a singular vast territory at the centre of the Eurasian continent. From this time on there followed a whole series of harsh vicissitudes at times threatening total extinction. Yet in spite of these challenges, in the late twentieth century when the independent State of Kazakhstan broke its bonds from the Soviet Empire, the spiritual heritage of the people returned."

The love of peace found at the centre of the cultural, social and spiritual life of Kazakhstan is in the greater part due to a heritage of spiritual strength, tolerance, openness and an overt willingness to help

others. This is based on the development, adhesion to the teachings and philosophy originating from the time of Yassawi as much as the tenets passed down from a culture based over millennia on the nomadic way of life. This life respecting all natural phenomena easily embraced the message and spiritual heritage taught and reflected through the Hikmet. To give an example of this:-

*"Care for the vulnerable, disadvantaged and orphaned,
The soul of the One is brought together in the circle,
Life giving source found then shared around,
These words from the Lord I heard and celebrated, Yes, I."*

*Whosoever protects the defenceless poor and orphaned,
Becomes as happy as God Himself,
Oh! Ignorant ones, fed the Divine, you still do not get it,
Hearing exhortations of Truth from Mustafa - I cry, Yes, I."*

*"There is little gain in sharing Sunnah with non believers,
God Himself will reject the callous and the ruthless,
Oh! God, a grave Hell is made ready for these servants,
From sages I heard and now speak, Yes, I."*

This kind of enlightenment from the great saint cannot leave anyone indifferent to the fate of others, whatever nationality or faith they possess. Hardly surprising then that at the time of greatest repression and genocide, the Kazakh people found it in their hearts and actions to support, feed and share their meagre sustenance with those forcibly deported into their lands from around the empire in such places as ALZHIR camp. The spirit of support and coexistence finds Kazakhstan today a major player in hosting all kinds of meetings, fora and round tables for the world's religious and spiritual bodies, an example of inter-racial, inter-ethnic harmony.

Today the legacy and values of Hoja Ahmed Yassawi, in spite of rising wealth, consumer desires and a lower regard for the spiritual, has grown exponentially. It is hoped this translation of "Divine Hikmet" will expand his readership and help the cause of the spiritual in general.

Anuarbek Bokebay



ANUARBEK BOKEBAY



HOJA AHMED YASSAWI

HIKMET 1

In the name of Allah, I begin this tale of Hikmet,
Scattering pearls and diamonds before the pilgrim, Yes, I.
Striving in riyazat I swallow blood,
As words for the Second Book flow forth, Yes, I.

I dedicate these words to those who hunger for His Face,
Soul to soul, as arteries connect, each one I embrace,
Shelter for the destitute, poor and orphans,
Avoiding those whose arrogance is great, Yes, I.

Wherever you are, be you gentle or kind,
If you find a poor man on the road, befriend him.
On Judgement Day be worthy of your place in Paradise,
I shun the arrogant and self righteous, Yes, I.

Rasul questioned the role of the destitute, orphans and beggars,
Ascending that night to Mi'raj, he beheld,
Returning, knew his role supporting marginalised and poor,
I too, likewise supported the poor, Yes, I.

As a true follower, devote yourself to the homeless,
Listen to those who expound hadith and verse,
Be happy, content with such gifts,
Enjoying these, I drink the wine of inspiration, Yes, I.

Arriving in Medina Rasul became destitute,
In deprivation and exhaustion he found joy,
Suffering hardship, brought him closer to the Divine,
Becoming impoverished I overcame obstacles, Yes, I.

Listen to the mind give comfort to the deprived,
Like Mustafa, shield and guard orphans,
From mean and greedy faces,
I turned and became an affluent river, Yes, I.

Maulim opened the door of Love, I was struck,
Turning me to dust, in preparation for prayer,
Like hail falling, showers of malamat pierced,
As a spear through my heart and liver, Yes, I.

The callous soul, wicked tongue, and crafty way,
Is a false teacher, reading Qur'an empty of desire,
Such a soul is spent, devoid of good, in poverty,
In fear of God, I burned but not from fire, Yes, I.

At sixty-three, with years of carefree living,
Not strongly following God's will and ignorant,
Had become sloppy in prayers and fasting,
Seeking out the bad, avoiding the good, Yes, I.

Alas, the cup of wine not fully supped,
Having not broken household ties for good,
Left trails of tangled knots, of vice and sin,
Befriending Shaitan, awoke me to death's proximity, Yes, I.

Clinging to my faith caused me grief,
Prayer and supplication to Pir Mugan saved me,
Cursed Shaitan fled back to his hovel,
Allah, be praised for filling faith with Light, Yes, I.

Avidly observing Pir Mugan,
Awake, alert and ever ready in service,
Helped me trap and beat Shaitan,
Allowing me to spread my wings, Yes, I.

Care for the vulnerable, disadvantaged and orphaned,
In devotion bring yourselves together in the circle,
Life giving source found then shared around,
These words from the Lord I heard and celebrated, Yes, I.

Whosoever protects the defenceless poor and orphaned,
Becomes as happy as God Himself,
Oh! Ignorant ones, fed the Divine, you still do not get it,
Hearing exhortations of Truth from Mustapha - I cry, Yes, I.

Aged seven at the feet of Arystan Bab,
Entrusted to pass on the gift of the Truth of Mustafa,
Completed a thousand and one Zikrs instantly,
Harnessing the ego brought me to Lamakan, Yes, I.

Persimmon passed, patting my head in admiration,
He left for the other world,
Farewell to this one,
Then on to school I went, overflowing with joy, Yes, I.

On touching the essence in Inna Fatahna,
His face was revealed and I was in awe,
The Mullah hit me, crying, "Stop", as I silently watched
Tears streaming and standing helpless, Yes, I.

Ignorant one, there's meaning in this - he said - I understood,
After wandering in deserts, eating grass,
I caught, harnessed, and reined in evil,
And took it by the scruff of the neck, Yes, I.

Completing Zikr the Divine now flowed,
God being the single word I spoke,
As a moth to a lamp is drawn,
I burned, I was charred then flew, Yes, I.

No name, no sign of I was left, I vanished,
Endlessly repeating the name of God I changed,
Such faith merged my being with Allah,
Maqam opened and I disappeared within, Yes, I.

There is little gain in sharing Sunnah with non-believers,
God Himself will reject the callous and the ruthless,
Oh! God, a grave Hell is made ready for these servants,
From sages I heard and now spoke, Yes, I.

Following the examples of the Prophet, became a follower,
Entering alone my cell, Light enveloped me,
I joined the level of those in love with God,
I squashed the self through internal pressure, Yes, I.

Ego knocked me off the path, humiliated,
Became a beggar, dishonoured in front of others,
Barred from doing Zikr, I befriended Shaitan,
Who seeing my weakness, filled my head with self, Yes, I.

Servant Hoja Ahmed, a carefree life had spent,
Oh, God these knees and eyes have weakness all within,
Till finally the hour of repentance came,
Not following amal I journeyed with caravans, Yes, I.

HIKMET 2

Friends gather round and listen to my tale,
As to why at sixty-three I went underground,
In Mi'raj, in Truth, Mustafa saw my soul,
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

In Truth, Mustafa questioned Jibrail,
"What kind of soul achieves perfection, is not incarnate,
Tear filled eyes, head of community, looking like a new moon?"
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

Jibrail replied, "You know well the deeds of your follower,
Rising to heaven, receives his lesson from the angels,
His sadness laments seven heavens of creation."
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

"My child", in Truth, Mustafa replied,
As all the spirits came to welcome him,
And plead to "Fill him up with grace as a river imbued."
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

Through his mercy, I appeared, got the message,
Was ordered to do Zikr and the body shook,
In Truth Mustafa gave the real gift when saying "My child".
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

"Be a follower, descending to earth after four hundred years,
Point the way and serve the people for many years,
May fourteen thousand scholars serve you,
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

After nine months and nine days on earth,
I hardly spent nine hours before soaring heavenwards,
To fall at the foot of His Throne,
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

On my knees I read namaz in heaven,
Pleading, in tears, I implored,
Witnessing false lovers and Sufis I commanded.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

To utter 'Hu' pretending to hold the stomach is false,
Asking the way from waifs and strays is pointless,
He who reaches God holds himself modestly and in speech,
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At one-years old the spirits of the dead gifted me,
At two the prophets came visiting.
At three the Chiltan showed interest in me.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At four years old, in Truth, Mustafa gave me persimmon,
Showed me the way, that hidden path many had found,
Everywhere I travelled the holy Khidr accompanied me.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At five years old immersed myself in worship,
Keeping Ramadan became common practice,
Day and night I perfumed Zikrs with joy.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At six, did not hang around, avoided people,
Raised myself to heaven where angels gave their lessons,
Broke earthly ties, cut all connections.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At seven Arystan Bab found me,
Was shown the many layers of secrets hidden within me,
Thanking Allah, for kissing my footsteps.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

The Taker came, stole the heart of Arystan Bab,
Heavenly maidens dressed his body in silk shrouds,
Seventy thousand angels attended the funeral.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

Janazah completed, transported from the grave,
And into heaven he was received,
And so to Illiyn his soul did rest.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

Allah, Allah his birth place now a grave,
Munkar Nakeer asked, "Who is your Lord, what is your faith?"
Arystan Bab replied, "From Islam."
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

An intelligent mind serves the devout,
Be grateful to Amri-Ma'ruf,
And honour those overseeing Nakeer Munkar.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At eight years old eight paths revealed,
Unfolding Hikmet through Light to yield,
Allah be praised, from the Prophet's cup to sup,
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

Pir Mughan, in Truth, most surely is Mustafa,
Where'er you are, pray and worship Him,
Become a follower, Haqq Mustafa and praise Him.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At nine years old, devoid of doubt, stepped on the path of Truth,
Calling names in Tabbaruk was passed from hand to hand,
These words upset me, so fled into the steppes.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

At ten years old I became honourable servant Hoja Ahmed,
Do not doubt the correctness of Hoja's path,
Remaining halfway on the path as Hoja - nothing worse.
So it was at sixty-three I went underground.

HIKMET 3

Every morning I received message,
Ordering me to do Zikr, I did so regularly, Yes, I.
I witnessed those half way that knew not love,
And so I became a devoted lover of God, Yes, I.

At eleven the river of Grace fulfilled me,
Uttering Allah, Shaitan left me,
Passion, pride and arrogance were unknown,
Thus at twelve I comprehended many secrets, Yes, I.

At thirteen I embraced ego and passion,
With a hundred thousand curses whirling around,
Trampling arrogance into the ground,
At fourteen, I dissolved as dust, Yes, I.

At fifteen was greeted by heavenly maidens and youths,
Bowing heads and crossing arms over chest,
From the heavenly realm Firdaws a messenger came,
Yet I rejected all for God's Face, Yes, I.

At sixteen was gifted communing the el-Arweh,
With a cry of "To you be Tabbaruk", Adam appeared,
Saying "My child" as he embraced and indulged me,
At seventeen I lived in Turkestan, Yes, I.

At eighteen, drank wine with the Chiltan,
Did Zikr regularly, revealing my inner self,
Blessed, I wandered in Paradise, amongst the angelic host,
In the Lord, witnessing the magnificence of Mustafa, Yes, I.

At nineteen seventy levels clarified,
Held Zikr, cleansing inner and outer,
Wherever I went Khidr accompanied,
Ghaus-ul-Ghiaz quenched my raging thirst, Yes, I.

At twenty I moved through another level,
Allah be praised, began the work of the chosen ones,
All creatures great and small honoured and bowed to me,
For this reason I drew closer to Haqq, Yes, I.

Those unmoved by Hikmet deserve not be known as meek,
Where righteous words go unheeded,
The Qur'an's verse and hadith go unaccepted,
This tale in Heaven I saw, Yes, I.

I spoke to the Divine and saw miracles,
A hundred thousand angels visited me,
For this reason I speak of God and in quest,
Sacrifice my heart and soul for Him, Yes, I.

Poor servant Ahmed who has reached twenty-one,
What will you do with sins higher than mountains?
On Judgment Day when suffering is laid before Parvardigar,
What answer to give, my friends? Yes, I.

HIKMET 8

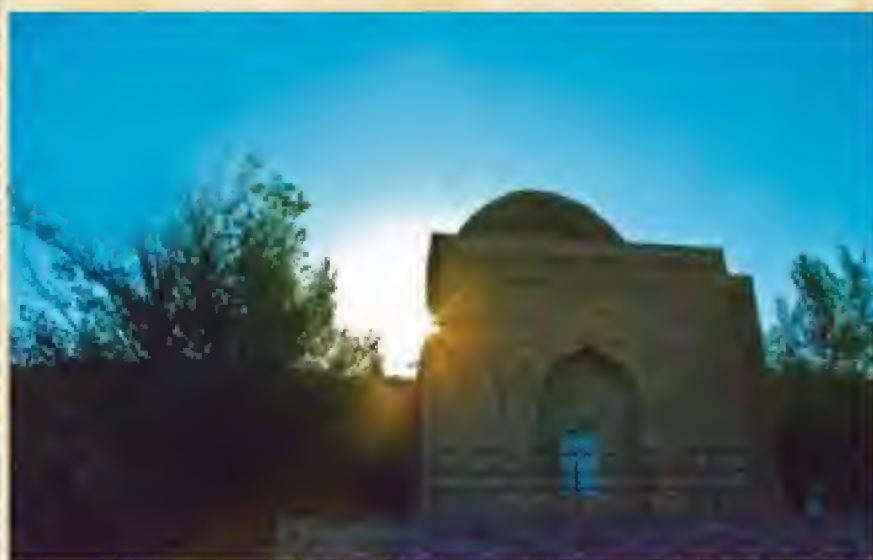
Have no doubt at all no one remains in this world,
All earthly possessions will come to nought.

Be mindful as to where your parents and relatives have gone,
A wooden horse with four legs will come to you - believe me.

Worry not about wealth, think of nothing other than the Lord,
Covet not what others own, it will stop you at the Bridge of Sirat.

Neither family nor relatives can travel with you,
Squander not, be generous, life flies as the wind - trust me.

Servant Ahmed serve, as the span of life is unknown,
From dust you came and so return you shall, to dust.



TOMB OF YASSAWI'S FATHER, IBRAHIM IN SAYRAM

HIKMET 30

Heaven and Hell got into an argument,
Hell says, "I am better, I have Pharaoh and Haman".

Heaven says, "What are you saying, you know nothing having
Pharaoh and Haman for I have Yusup and Kangan".

Hell says, "I am better having meagre servants with me
Wearing burning chains and shackles round their neck".

Heaven says, "I am better having the prophets
The prophets have the Holy Spring, spirits and heavenly maidens".

Hell says, "I am better having the mean and stingy, because the
mean and stingy are waiting for their burning agony".

Heaven says, "I am better having righteous servants.
The righteous are waiting for the gifts to arrive".

Hell says, "I am better as I have slaves and evil ones.
The evil ones serve the potions and poisons for free".

Heaven says, "I am better I have spiritual scholars.
Scholars have only verses, Qur'an and hadith in their thoughts".

Hell says, "I am better as I have the two faced ones.
The two faced carry round their necks fiery burning chains".

Heaven say, "I am better as I have servants performing Zikr.
Those Zakirs only have Zikr of Allah and Subhan in their hearts".

Hell says, "I am better, I have those who pray not,
Those not praying have snakes and scorpions round their necks".

Heaven says, "I am better. With me you can see the Face of God.
To show the Face of God I have those called Rahim Rahman."

Hell became quiet and asked Heaven's forgiveness.
Servant Hoja Ahmed was given knowledge of God's existence.

HIKMET 31

Have you ever wished to see the Face of God, O Zakir?
Renounce all, in the circle you will see the Face of God,
With longing tell Allah your wish to return to the Lord.
Stop dreaming at night, be awake.

For those awake the Lord will come close to them,
Those awake are humble and cry,
Selfishness is very Hell itself,
Arrogance lands you deeper into Hell.

What happened to the faithful who came before?
Paying little attention to the world, they left in tears.
Life ended and you arrive,
Repent your sins, ye sinful ones.

The ego craves many desires, so watch it,
Do not allow bitter tears between you and God,
Like the wild bird not landing in your hand,
Sleep not and be constantly vigilant.

Those on ego's path live wasted lives,
Sliding off the path finds you worn out and lost,
Lying down or standing, you make friends with Shaitan,
Protest at and punish ego, O sinful ones.

On the last breath the nafs destroys you,
It destroys faith and empties you completely,
At the moment of death it separates you from true faith,
With the slightest consciousness avoid the despicable ego.

Pharaoh and Karun held evil to their hearts,
That is why the earth opened and swallowed them both,
Musa Kalim spoke words of enlightenment,
The two did not heed him and became dead meat.

Weep constantly, praying for forgiveness,
Be prepared and wait in readiness to journey,
When you witness others departing, learn well,
Learning well your grave will become a flower bed.

Humble servants procure the gain in suffering,
On the path of the Lord, heart and spirit are joined in love,
Throwing off their mortal coil, they made a deal in the afterlife,
One struck between spirits, angels and heavenly maidens.

Servant Hoja Ahmed pleading from the grasp of ego,
Pir Mugan will deliver my penance,
Those who know not, will not hear, even your cries,
Weep bountifully that God will hear you.

HIKMET 33

All who see Thy Beauty will leave worldly things behind,
Nor will they be silenced day or night, calling out to God.

In this state, the Lord will enter the heart,
Wherever he travels, so travels his Beloved.

In spite of that I always prayed to You,
Your Face can free a hundred thousand slaves as I.

My heart rejoices in Ma'rifat,
Renouncing worldly things, the Lord became the only deal.

Arif knows Love and leads the circle,
Asking for help holds the teacher as his shield.

Magic and wonder are the tools of God,
One created eloquent, the other dumb and worthless.

Look, due to worldly goods, you suffered much,
At the end these chattels will destroy you.

If day and night you dream to see His Face,
Then clean your heart and one day you will be blessed.

O Servant Ahmed, go comfort the miserable,
Whosoever loves Allah, will comfort the miserable.

HIKMET 42

Drinking from the cup of love surrendered in Raqs Sama,
Ascended to Divine Maqam,
Oblivious to hunger and plenty, to gain or loss,
In awe surrender in Raqs Sama, my friends.

Surrendering to love in Raqs Sama, the world becomes abject,
Detach from home and worldly goods,
Ceaselessly weep in Fajr for the Lord,
Then surrender in Raqs Sama, my friends.

The lover who surrenders in Raqs Sama, loses himself,
Transported, beyond the touch of the mundane,
If one hundred thousand bow to him, he remains oblivious,
Subdue the world, in Raqs Sama, my friends.

Not releasing the worldly, the ecstasy of Raqs Sama is hidden,
Not repeating Haqq every moment, is confused,
A Dervish, with eyes still upon the world,
Enters Raqs Sama for selfish ends, my friends.

To be in Raqs Sama while still buried in self is the real error,
The Lord Subhan does not gift faith so easily,
If the heart does not clear through devotion and work,
Then being in Raqs Sama is hypocrisy itself, my friends.

O do not entertain such fools with your hope,
Do not approach them with the gift of kindness,
Ego twists the path of Shariat, presuming itself holy,
Evil rides bareback, my friends.

Surrendering in Raqs Sama without detachment, God flees,
From those vibrations the earth shakes and shudders,
I pray, these types do not see the Face of God,
An apostate, I still surrendered to Raqs Sama, my friends.

Unable to reach the Divine, I surrendered to Raqs Sama,
Avoiding Haqq Mustafa and Shariat,
My sins are rampant from start to finish,
Embracing sins I surrendered to Raqs Sama, my friends.

Enamoured Shibli, saw the light, then surrendered in Sama,
Seeing Mustafa, he asked a question, once,
Then released the worldly, closed his eyes,
Witness a devotee immersed in Raqs Sama, my friends.

In love Shibli said "O Rasulallah,
Though impatiently surrendered in Sama, I still am sad",
Rasul replied, "Allow acceptance of your prayers",
Asking permission, I surrendered to Raqs Sama, my friends.

Devotee Hoja Ahmed, Raqs Sama is not for everyone,
Those who pretend surrender in Raqs Sama surrender in Hell,
This knowledge is hidden and not for everyone,
Finding Haqq I surrendered to Raqs Sama, my friends.



HIKMET 44

Be humble, return to the Truth, keep worshipping,
Whosoever serves sees the Face of Truth, my friends,
Lament not even for a hundred thousand troubles incurred,
From these learn the secrets of Love, my friends.

Lovers, through tears of devotion, merged with God,
Confronting a whole raft of troubles they knew the Lord,
Grateful to the world, they were ready to depart,
Standing in Fajr, they wept tears of joy, my friends.

Yes, my friends, with no clear vision of my path,
Nor accomplishing good deeds,
Nor keeping myself from chattering endlessly,
My ignorance was a wonder to behold, my friends.

Day and night was inattentive to Zikr,
Spoke little of the meaning of life with much diligence,
In the bazaar of love, my trades were poor,
Still my ego demanded a hundred thousand treats, my friends.

Do not hang onto the fancy fads of ego,
Refuse food and drink and be mindful in service,
And one day you may glimpse the Face of God,
Only those awake will see the Face of God, my friends.

O careless, truly, do not cease repeating Zikr,
Do not lay hands on anything of the world,
Do not fall behind others on the path,
Once on the path, the goal is in sight, my friends.

Alas, like a dream unfulfilled, life flies by,
Ego thrust me from confusion into chaos,
The more I created birds of desire, the quicker spirit fled,
The careless sell their life to the wind, my friends.

Devotees wishing to catch the Face of God, sleep less,
Walking, standing, lying they busy themselves in Zikr,
Their inner and outer lives burn bright,
Such devotees are emblazoned by Allah, my friends.

Devotee Hoja Ahmed, as a servant, weep constantly,
Devote yourself to connecting to the love of Subhat,
In preparation of The Reckoning, keep lamenting,
Lamentation rewards news from the Most Precious, my friends

HIKMET 51

Dervishes are easy going sharing tales on the road,
Travelling light, they journey forever.

Their possessions being staff in hand, sash around the waist,
The name of Allah always on the dervish lips.

Wearing simple robes, a heart of hundred thousand divinations,
The dervish knows not both worlds.

Sweetheart of God, the dervish's grace, the Zikr,
Respectfully, dervishes silently repeat the Name of the Lord.

Dervishes do not allow misdemeanours, or medicine to cure,
Nor let tears dry from running eyes.

Words are sacrament, spoken in the language of Hikmet,
Enamoured they give away their soul, these aged dervishes.

Will kill the ego like a dog and let a ruddy complexion wither,
You are Servant Hoja Ahmed, let the dervishes pass.



NEW MOON DUSK IN TURKESTAN



EAST WALL YASSAWI MAUSOLEUM

HIKMET 74

Where merciful men gather,
There I wish to proclaim 'Ilm Hal',
Supporting their Subhat,
Wishing to tack onto them.

I would give my soul to make divine connection to the dervish,
Their every movement I would rub into my eyes,
Serving the pious I would take my leave,
Yearning to taste the intoxication of longing.

Drink the wine of longing, renounce the world,
Khidr the saint, will pass this lesson on.
Despise the worldly; renounce it one hundred thousand times,
To such a man I wish to gift my precious soul.

Alas, the noble, in tears, have left,
Mourning since birth,
In the blink of an eye, life is gone,
I want to sell this world for pennies.

Followers may speak the language but the words are lies,
Lying, they appropriate what is not theirs,
They leave off halal and embrace haram,
This is what I have to say to the ignorant.

When the world ends, madness sets in,
The descendants of Adam will fight and eat each other,
Faith, religion and belief will all be sold for profit,
To the thinkers among you I direct these words.

Angels gathered as soon as Subhat was formed,
So Raqs Sama can be performed, they fuss and fluster,
In Truth Mustapha saw that in Mi'raj,
I too wish to turn in sacred dance.

In Truth, Mustafa, in awe, fainted,
Jibrail arrived, and supported his head,
Lord Subhan in his might taught Zikr,
If I am to be follower, I also want to perform Zikr.

If you are a true lover, shed your tears,
Like Bayazid avoid the worldly ones,
Like Adham, refuse the throne and its rewards,
I want to rid myself of all worldly desires.

Servant Hoja Ahmed, confronting the worldly, shy away,
Perform Zikr and open the path of Tariqat to all,
Scatter across the words of your verses, the gold of hadith,
So I may seed pearls and diamonds in the hearts of men.



**POOL OF THE LEVITES - MOUNT SINAI - NEAR WHERE MOSES
SAW THE FACE OF GOD**

HIKMET 75

Become a nightingale in the blooming garden,
With a heavy heart, early in the morning I want to sit,
In that instant, the magnificence of Allah,
My eyes wish to see clearly.

Those leaders who tread the path of the Lord are brave,
Between God and Murid are the intermediaries,
Guides of the Ocean of Wahdaniyat,
Coming to the Palace I want to be a guard.

Those wishing to reach the Lord, day and night,
Continuously perform Zikr 'Hu' with an open heart,
Know that from the Lord your gift is instant,
I want to take the fruits of the End of Days.

Taking a giant staff of righteousness,
Covering the body in the garb of happiness,
With feathers of love elating me,
I yearn to fly onto the branches of Ma'rifat.

The faithful all gathered as beacons of pilgrimage,
Be wakeful, O friends with zeal,
As Moses on Sinai, seeing the Face of God,
I want to say "God, reveal Thyself to me".

Alas, I gave my precious life to the wind,
Look, there is nothing left in my hands, from worshipping,
The sash of slavery I tied too late around my self,
Tightening its belt, wanting to serve the saint.

Faith rewarded with an exquisite miracle,
Creating body, soul, heart and spirit,
An inner voice shared secrets and a message of mourning,
Hearing the news, I want to surrender my soul.

Servant Hoja Ahmed is not someone motivated by profit,
He said, "Not practising riyazat, I cannot show My world."
He said, "Humble servant be not ashamed to cry Allah."
In the name of the Lord I want to sacrifice my soul.

HIKMET 108

Receiving a message from The Hour,
I dearly wish to quit this world.

Immersed in the sea of mankind,
I dearly wish to quit this world.

Mankind does not speak of the world,
Nor cares a jot for the world.

Apart from the Lord, nothing is spoken,
I dearly wish to quit this world.

Moses, Imran did not stay, nor did King Suleiman,
Thousand year old Lahpan did not remain,
I dearly wish to quit this world.

When the world turns bad, clever servants reject it,
You end up in friendship with the ignorant, verily,
I dearly wish to quit this world.

King Hoja Ahmed Yassawi, all Hikmet written,
The world can hear them,
I dearly wish to quit this world.



GLOSSARY

"Auzu billahi, Bismillah" - I seek Protection from Allah, in the name of God.

Abid - Worshipper

Adab - The rules and customs of decency.

Adham - Ibrahim ibn Adham c. 718 - c. 782 is one of the most prominent of the early ascetic Sufi saints.

Adham Ibrahim - Was a king from Balkh in Iran who voluntarily relinquished the throne. One who has achieved perfection on the path in search God.

Ahret - End of the World.

Ain-ul-yakin - Explicit knowledge and unambiguous - vision - sacred path.

al-Arweh - Well of Souls.

Al Fakhru fahir - Poverty is my pride.

Al Hayy - The Everlasting, The Ever Living [name of God].

Al-Arsh Kursi - The infinite spaces within the Kingdom of God.

Al-Faqr-Fakhri - Poverty is My Pride.

Alim - A scholar of religious studies.

Amal - Selfless service in the name of God.

Amanat - A 'pledge' that which is entrusted by God.

Amri-Ma'ruf - Guides and instructions in order to maintain the right path.

Ana al Haqq - I am the Truth.

Angel Riduan - Head Angel in Paradise.

Anta al Haqq - You are the Truth.

Anta al Hodi - You are the Leader.

Arif - Gnosis, the one who holds mystical knowledge.

Arsh - Throne of infinity beyond the Kursi of Infinity. These being the spaces of infinite dominion of God.

Arystan Bab - Was a leading follower of The Prophet Muhammad. Four hundred years after the prophet's time was instructed to pass on the 'amanat', personified as a persimmon fruit to Hoja Ahmed Yassawi. Having been given this 'Barakat' (divine blessing, virtue as spiritual force, the spiritual energy of the teacher) Yassawi was thus endowed in his mission as per tradition.

Astaghfir - Forgiveness.

Ayat - A verse from the Qur'an.

Ayoob - Prophet, symbol of infinite patience.

Azan - Call to prayer.

Azrael - The angel of Death.

Babamashin - A mythical legendary saint who allegedly lived for over four hundred years and had the ability to fly.

Balkh - An ancient city the centre of Zoroastrianism. In the ninth century Islam became rooted in the population and it was always noted as a great seat of learning.

Baraat - A verse.

Barkhu - Jewish convert to Islam.

Bayazid - Sheikh Abu Yazid Bayazid Tayfur ibn Isa al-Bistami was a famous Sufi from Iran who died in 875 C.E. His fame was attached to his ability to openly express himself. He lived in the northwest of Iran, in the city of Bista, where he died and was buried there.

Bidar - Wakefulness.

Bir wa Bar - The Oneness of the Divine.

Buraq - A winged horse, on which the Prophet made the night migration from Mecca to Jerusalem. Depicted variously as a horse with human head, a beast bigger than a donkey but smaller than a mule.

Bustan - A fruit orchard.

Cave - This refers to the cave or cell Ahmed Yassawi descended into during his sixty-third year. At a depth of four and a half metres, it is preserved today as an underground mosque named Hilvet, near the mausoleum built years later to Yassawi in Turkestan - see also **Dungeon**.

Chiltan - Forty saints, the patrons of the living Companions (Sahaba) of the Prophet.

Darussalam - One of the names given to Paradise.

Darya - Is the river Darya.

Dervish - Literally meaning pauper, however in the context of these verses a dervish is one who has sacrificed everything to follow the path of Tariqat. He was a member of the mystical brotherhood, equivalent to the Arabic fakir. Sufi is a synonym of dervish.

Didar - The Face of God.

Dua - A prayer, invocation.

Duldul - The legendary horse of Halif Ali.

Dungeon - Reference to Yassawi's cell - see also **Cave** - or a place where a recluse devotes himself to his spiritual practice.

Durr - Jewel, treasure, pearls.

Fanna fi Allah - The annihilation of self and dissolution into God.

Fajr - Early morning prayer.

Faqr - Poverty, in as much as an individual has chosen to be devoid of worldly goods and chattels.

Fikr - Contemplation, meditation.

Firdaws - The highest level of Paradise, sometimes referred to as Eden, which is where the prophets and martyrs abide [Four Hundred and Forty Four {444}]. This refers to the number of bones in the body - see **Appendix 1 of Sayin Nazarbekuly**.

Ghafoor - Forgiving, Compassionate One, when used as a name for Allah.

Ghaus-ul-Ghiaz - The patrons of travellers in distress.

Gilman - Heavenly servants.

Guria - Heavenly maidens, wives - see also **Houris**.

Habib - Beloved friend.

Hadhrat - Is a title in the vein of Your Honour, His Majesty or other such honorific. Its literal meaning is Presence.

- Hadith** - Referred to here as meaning the reports about what the Prophet said, did, approved, and disapproved of, explicitly or implicitly.
- Hai/Hajj** - I Am Forever, is one of God's names.
- Hakim Ata** - Suleiman Bakyrqani - a famous pupil of Yassawi.
- Halal** - That which is permitted.
- Hamd-o-sana** - To praise God.
- Hanash** - Snake.
- Haqiqat** - The last stage of the mystical path (Tariqat) The realisation of Truth.
- Haqq** - The Truth - one of the names of God, also can mean Sufi.
- Haqq-ul-yakin** - Outcome - Stories about Truth - Divine reality.
- Haram** - Forbidden.
- Hasan Basri** - The famous Sufi from Iraq.
- Hassan** - Son of Ali.
- Hawze Kausar** - Fountains of Heavenly Waters.
- Hazrat** - Is an honorific term.
- Hoja** - Missionary of Islam, a special court title, later becoming Lord, or honourable person.
- Houris** - Heavenly maidens - see also **Guria**.
- Hu** - He is God, also meaning Zikr.
- Ibrahim** - The biblical prophet Abraham.
- Ilahi** - Another name of Allah.
- Illyin** - The storage place for dead souls.
- Ilm** - Knowledge.
- Ilm Hal** - Knowledge of the hidden. Esoteric knowledge.
- Ilm Hul** - Knowledge of the profane.
- Ilm laduni** - Inherent within divine knowledge.
- Ilm ul yakin** - Knowledge with a certainty based on intuition reason Sacred laws.

Ilyas - The biblical prophet Elijah.

Imam - Leader of prayers, leader in Muslim community.

Iman - The Muslim faith.

Insha' Allah - God willing.

Inayat - God's Grace.

Inna Fatahna - A sura in the Qur'an.

Ishan - A title given to a leader in the Sufi Tariqat.

Ishmail - A Biblical prophet, son of Abraham.

Ishq - Divine love, unquenchable passion for God, leading to the mystical Sufi Path.

Israfil - The Archangel sounding the trumpet to herald the beginning of Judgment Day.

Istighfar - Forgiveness.

Jabbar - One of the names of the Lord - sometimes translated as The Mighty One.

Jibrail - The Archangel Gabriel.

Jakub - Jacob of the Old Testament.

Janazah - A funeral prayer for ascension for the dead.

Jannat - Paradise.

Junayd - A famous Sufi teacher.

Kaaba - The main Muslim shrine, a sacred cuboid house in Mecca.

Kafir - A non-believer, also sometimes referred to as an infidel.

Kalim - Moses' name sometimes written Kali Mulla - see also **Musa**.

Kalu Bala - means 'Yes, we confess it' - It is the answer souls make having been asked by God the question 'Man Rabbuka'.

Karbala - A desert in Iran.

Karun - Rich man, the owner of countless treasures. Because of his parsimony he was cursed and his wealth was swallowed by the earth.

Katibiyn - One of the angels deputed to all beings

Kausar - The Heavenly Spring of Abundance mentioned in Qur'an.

Khalil Ullah - A friend of Allah, the epithet of the prophet Abraham.

Khidr - A miracle worker, saint having eternal life. Khidr has had thus gained enormous reputation and popularity in the Sufi tradition due to his role as an initiator.

Khorasan - A region lying in Iran (Persia) and in Islamic reference referring to a large Central Asian region.

Kiraman - One of the angels deputed to all beings.

Kirdigar - A name of God.

Kursi - The Throne of the Lord.

La ilaha ilallah - There is no God apart Allah.

Labbai - I am at your disposal.

Lahut - Divine nature, Wahadiyyat level.

Lamakan - The vast emptiness that is not of this world yet is within the realm of God.

Lawh-Qalam - The sacred pen scripted Book of Decrees.

Lawh-ul-Mahfuz - The Preserved Tablet - where all creatures' destinies are written down.

Ma'rifat - The mystical knowledge, knowledge of God.

Ma'ruf - A term commonly used to denote, understood, known, recognised, acknowledged or accepted.

Mahshar - Day of Judgment.

Malamat - Reproach, censure, blame.

Man Rabbuka - Am I your Lord?

Manjun - Leila and Manjun were lovers, akin to Romeo and Juliet. He gave up all for her.

Mansur Al Hallaj - A Sufi born in 858 died 923. One of the great Sufis who attained a high degree of merging with God. In his sermons he pronounced 'Ana al Haqq' (I am the Truth) for which he was considered an apostate and hung on the gallows. He did not die on the gallows. He

was subsequently stoned, as he continued to proclaim 'I am the Truth'. Then cut into pieces, he was burned and his ashes thrown into the river.

Maqam - A spiritual level or stage on the Path - through which the traveller must pass.

Maqam Fana - Level of Unity of Being.

Mashaikh - The educated class of Muslim legal scholars engaged in the several fields of Islamic studies.

Maulim - The Divine name of the Lord, Helper, Friend.

Mayhana/Meyhane - An inn, drinking house.

Mi'raj - Night of ascension into heaven of the Prophet Muhammad.

Mimma khuliq - Drop of liquid.

Minbar - The pulpit in a mosque.

Mount Kaf - Mythological mountain.

Mullah - A religious teacher or leader.

Munajat - The Arabic word munajat is derived either from yunaji or najawa means 'talking in secret'. Besides, the word najawa itself is rooted from najah, meaning deliverance or salvation. Hence, in the technical term of the poetry, the word munajat offers the meaning of supplication for repentance of sins.

Munkar Nakeer - The two angels appearing after the last person has left the burial ground. They ask the pointed questions.

Murid - A novice, Sufi disciple, committed one.

Musa - The prophet Moses of the Old Testament - see also **Kalim**.

Mushid - Sufi teacher, mentor on the Way.

Mustafa - Prophet Muhammad.

Nafs - The ego, the self, I, soul, carnal, psyche. In its unrefined state it is the lowest dimension of man's inward existence.

Nahi anil Munkar - Forbidding what is evil, opposing injustice.

Nakeer-Munkar - See **Munkar Nakeer**

Namaz - Prayer, the mandatory 5 times a day prayer cycle.

Nasimi - One of the famous Sufis.

Niyaz - A spiritual plea, yearning.

Oraza - The discipline of fasting.

Parvardigar - The Sufi name of God - literally meaning The Sustainer - here meaning God or Lord.

Pir - The Elder, Mentor on the Path.

Pir Mugan - A great master, referring to the Prophet Muhammad, Presence of Holiness - see also **Tabbaruk**.

Qadir - One of the names of God, meaning Almighty, Powerful.

Qahhar - One of the names of God, which means Punishing, Vengeful.

Qalam - Sacred pen.

Rabb - An Arabic originated word for Lord or Master.

Rabeem - Meaning merciful and applied here to one of the names of God.

Rahman - Meaning gracious and applied here to one of the names of God.

Raqs - Giving birth through dance, here referring to the ecstatic turning of the Sufis, The act of dancing.

Rasul - Messenger of God and here referring to Muhammad.

Rivoyat - History, story, saga, narrative.

Riyazat - Ascetic discipline the 'killing' of the flesh.

Saba - Patience.

Sahaba - See Companions of the Prophet.

Sama - The sacred turning meditation of Islam.

Sattar - One of the names of God, meaning hidden.

Second Book - A book of Tariqat, illustrating the second stage of the Path. This is also another name for Divine Wisdom.

Shah Husayn - Sheikh Husayn.

Shahe Mardan - Nickname of Ali, literally translates as Shah of the Heroes.

Shahid - A witness sacrificing himself for God, a martyr to the cause.

Shahrb_n - The wife of Shah Husayn.

Shaitan - The Devil, Satan, one's base nature.

Shakir - Contentment and Gratitude.

Shariat - The religious right and an Islamic law - the initial stage on the path of Tariqat.

Shariyar - Four friends of the Prophet, the four righteous caliphs.

Shayyn Al Lillah - means 'Help me for God's sake'.

Sheikh - Sufi community leader, a spiritual mentor.

Sherbet - The drink of love - a drink taken by Arabs/Persians etc after meals to sweeten the sour.

Shibli - A student of Mansur al Halaj. He maintained a constant state of *jadhb* (an aspect of grace) and was finally committed to an asylum - He spent much of his life ostracized in the desert and alone.

Sidra tul Muntaha - According to what experts of the Arabic language say, the word 'Sidrah' means a tree full of leaves with a great shade, and the term 'Sidratul-Muntaha' refers to the great tree full of leaves with a great shade located at the highest point of the ascension of the angels and the souls of the *shuhada* and the knowledge of the prophets and the actions of the people, a place where the Lord's angels cannot pass, and even *Jibra'il* stopped at during the *mi'raj* of the Prophet. Although the Qur'an hasn't explained about Sidra-tul-Muntaha, it has been spoken of and described in Islamic traditions, all of them uncovering the truth that this term is merely a simile used because of the lack of words for describing such great realities.

Sinai - see **Tur**.

Sirat - The bridge that one must cross to reach *Iamakan*. It straddles the infernal abyss and is as thin as a hair and sharp as a sword. It is the sword all must cross on Doomsday. The righteous will negotiate it yet the sinners will not and

be thrown into the abyss of Hell.

Subhan Allah - Allah the Perfect.

Subhat - The verbal and spiritual intimate communion between teacher (Sheikh) and student. The establishment of the spiritual connection.

Sultan - King, Head of State.

Sunnet/Sunnah - Is the way of life prescribed as standard for Muslims based on the teachings and practices of Muhammad and interpretation of Qur'an.

Swallowing blood - an expression used when devotional prayers are done without proper prior ablutions taking place. It is understood that the practice becomes more difficult if ablutions are not made in the appropriate fashion.

Tabbaruk - The Presence of Holiness (as experienced through relics of the Prophet Muhammad).

Tafrid - Detachment from the 'self' in favour to God meaning that all praise and credit is given to God and not oneself. This is based on the idea that God is the source of all things and there is no originator or source of power other than Allah. This denies free will.

Ta-Ha - One of the chapters of the Qur'an.

Taharat - Cleanliness or purity.

Tahlil - repetition of 'La ilaha ilallah'.

Tajalli - Splendour is literal translation - the mystical meaning is the rising of the sun of truth from behind the clouds of human attributes.

Tajrid - Detachment from the World - giving up worldly life (i.e. desires and ambitions connected with the ego and subjective judgements) in favour of the spiritual life (obedience to God and objective principles).

Takbeer - Praising God.

Talib - The seeker after God on the path of Tariqat.

Tariqat - The second stage of the mystical path (Tariq).

Tasbih - Form of Zikr involving the repetitive utterances of short

سورة الحديد

sentences glorifying God.

Tawhid - Doctrine of Oneness or monotheism in Islam, union with God and principle of unity.

The Preserved Tablet - see **Lawh-ul-Mahfuz**.

Three Hundred and Sixty - This refers to the number of arteries in the body - see **Appendix 1** by **Sayin Nazarbekuly**.

Tuba - is a tree Muslims believe grows in Jannah, or Islamic heaven.

Tur - is Chagatai for Mount Sinai - in this translation we have used Sinai, the mountain where Moses met God.

Ummah - Follower/ disciple (of Muhammad) - literally the nation of Islam.

Wahdaniyat - All exclusive Unity, the source of any Multiplicity.

Wooden Horse [with four legs] - Refers to the wooden slab that is used for burial.

Yazdan - Worthy of worship, refers to Ahura Mazda ancient Zoroastrian deity.

Yusuf - A prophet, the symbol of beauty.

Zakaria - A Biblical prophet.

Zakat - To give alms, a portion (usually 2.5%) of one's income, obligatory payment made annually under Islamic law on certain kinds of property and used for charitable and religious purposes.

Zakir - Someone who leads the Zikr.

Zalym - Villain.

Zikr - Remembrance, the remembering the name of God, the heart of all Sufi practice.

Zindun - An underground dungeon, cell.

Zuleikha - She was a martyr and lover of Yusuf.

Zulfiqar - The sword of Ali.

Zunnar - is a belt usually worn by Christians and Jews. Also a reference to a Muslim who has renounced his faith.

Zunun Misri - Sufi teacher from Egypt.



MAUSOLEUM OF ARYSTAN BAB



**BOKEBAY FAMILY (l to r) - MARATBEK, SAMATBEK,
KENESBEK, ERKENBEK AND ANUARBEK**

Anuarbek Bokebay originally translated *Diwani Hikmet* (Divine Wisdom) from the original Chagatai into both Kazakh and Russian. It was the Russian that the translators used as source for this English translation. Anuarbek's brother Samatbek has been responsible for bringing this eagerly awaited project to the wider global audience. The family gathered here with their mother and father in the background is a collected pool of creative and scholarly expertise that is utterly worthy of the sort of qualities extolled in Yassawi's work. Their collective endeavour and tenacity have been foundational for this work to see the light of day, not only into Kazakh and Russian, but into English.



SHAHARBEK UZMANOV (left) MIRAHMET MIRHALDAROV
(centre) AND VIRVE TRAPMAN (right)



SHAHARBEK UZMANOV (left) JONATHAN TRAPMAN (right)



**ONE OF THE ENTRANCE GATES TO THE ANCIENT CITY
OF YAS (TURKESTAN)**



YASSAWI MAUSOLEUM - INSIDE THE WALLED CITY



GUARDIAN OF THE TURKESTAN SITE OF HOJA AHMED YASSAWI'S
MAUSOLEUM - DURING LUNCH BREAK!



EAST WALL OF YASSAWI MAUSOLEUM, TURKESTAN



A CONTEMPORARY PAINTING SHOWING VARIOUS SEERS, SAINTS AND SCHOLARS THAT ARE THE PILLARS OF KAZAKH HISTORY. IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE YASSAWI'S MAUSOLEUM AND PILGRIMS TREKKING TO THIS SACRED SITE

Artist: Dauten Beknuzatov



"LOOK AT HIS BRIGHT FACE, A HAWK AGAINST THE NON-BELIEVERS"

Hikmet 61

سبحان الله وبحمده
 والحمد لله رب العالمين
 والصلوة والسلام
 على سيدنا محمد
 وآله الطيبين الطاهرين
 أجمعين

"In
 Divine Wisdom,
 Hoja Ahmed Yassawi
 sings his heart out. In the time of
 life when mortality reveals itself more
 evidently, Yassawi reflects on his life
 honestly. He wishes for anyone reading
 his Hikmet to be inspired to make a similar
 honest inquiry to reach a faith unshakeable,
 loving, and dedicated so as to alleviate
 the suffering of his fellow humankind."

ROBERT SACHS, AUTHOR

"Worship and faith are highly personal matters,
 and in our emerging world of love, peace and
 compassion, these will be respected for every
 individual, even if different forms of personal
 worship or faith occur in the same family. Each
 has his or her own way to commune with

that universal Divine presence that is part of us all, just as
 Yassawi's work is universal." **CRAIG PRUSS, COMPOSER/
 MUSICIAN, ART OF LIVING TEACHER**

"The Oneness of God is the basis of all prophetic religions.
 It is the Criterion with which to distinguish a false prophet
 from a true one. He who calls people to the Oneness of God
 calls them to the True Way and is a true emissary of God
 Almighty. He who does not call them to this Way, but who
 calls them to another or to others, does not follow a Heavenly
 Way but runs after his ego." **MOULANA SHIEKH NAZIM
 AL-HAQQANI**



LIVING ZEN BOOKS